The Mountain

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Yathāpi selā vipulā Samantā anupariyeyyum Like massive boulders, Mountains pressing against the sky Moving in from all sides Crushing the four directions Nabham āhacca pabbatā Nippothentā vatuddisā

Evam jarā ca maccu ca Adhivattanti pāṇino
Khattiye brāhmaṇe vesse Sudde caṇḍāla-pukkuse
In the same way, aging & death
Roll over living beings:
Noble warriors, Brahmans, merchants,
Workers, outcastes, & scavengers

Na kiñci parivajjeti Sabbam-evābhimaddati
Na tattha hattinam bhūmi Na rathānama pattiyā
They spare nothing
They trample everything
Here elephants can hold no ground
Nor can chariots or infantry
Nor can a battle of spells or wealth win out

Tasmā hi paṇḍito poso Sampassaṁ attham-attano Buddhe Dhamme ca Saṅghe ca Dhiro saddhaṁ nivesaye So a wise person, seeing his own good, enlightened, secures conviction in the Buddha, Dhamma, & Sangha

Yo dhammacārī kāyena Vācāya uda cetasā Idh'eva nam pasamti Pecca sagge pamodati. He who practices the Dhamma in thought, word, & deed Receives praise here on earth And after death rejoices in heaven